

II HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND

News of General Interest From the Six States

At the special congregational meeting of the First Presbyterian church, Barre, Vt., it was voted to extend a unanimous call to Rev. Percy C. Grant of Westminster Presbyterian church, Manchester, N. H.

Alice Brady, 18, of South Boston, attempted suicide by drinking iodine because her sweetheart, a Cambridge student, jilted her. She was taken to the City Hospital, where it is believed she will recover.

The old Capt. Benjamin Delane house, over 150 years old, located at Rocky Neck, Kingston, Mass., on the Plymouth road, was practically destroyed by an incendiary fire. The house was valued for its historic associations and was unoccupied.

Continuation of the Massachusetts emergency housing laws for another year, as well as the further maintenance by some state agency of the work of the special state commission on necessary housing, was recommended in the annual report of that commission recently made public. The report was in harmony with the inaugural address of Gov. Fuller in which he advised that the emergency housing laws be continued.

Vincent Madonna, professional bicyclist of Providence, was divorced by his wife, Mrs. Grace F. Madonna, on a petition alleging gross misbehavior. The petition was granted by presiding Justice Willard B. Tanner in Superior Court. Mrs. Madonna was granted the custody of a minor child.

Charles A. Adams of York, Me., was awarded damages of \$9,667 from Dr. Charles S. Barrell of Boston by a jury in the Supreme Court. Adams sued for \$15,000 for injuries when he was knocked from a ladder by backing automobile while painting the summer home of Dr. Barrell in York.

The 17th arrest in the so-called "arson ring" was disclosed when George Thomas, 64, of Brockton, Mass., was arraigned in District Court on a charge of arson. It is alleged that Thomas burned a building and articles in an attempt to defraud the insurance company. He pleaded not guilty, and was held in \$2000 bail.

Carrying out a threat to end her life, said to have been made to her 16-year-old daughter June, Mrs. Carlton Martin, 45, drowned herself a short distance from her home in East Sebago, Me. Mrs. Martin is reported as not having entirely recovered from the shock of the death a few years ago of her 16-year-old son by drowning.

An act providing that within "the state of Maine the standard that shall be based on the time known and designated by the federal authorities as United States Eastern standard time, was introduced in the legislature by Representative Merle J. Harriman of Readfield. It also would make it unlawful for any municipal or other system of time under penalty of a fine of not exceeding \$500.

The dates for the institute of Modern Literature to be held at Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me., in conjunction with the graduation of Longfellow and Hawthorne from Bowdoin a hundred years ago have been announced as May 4 to 18. The faculty committee having charge of the arrangements also made it known that Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg would be among the lecturers. The names of the others will be given out soon.

A bill repealing Maine's direct primary law and providing for the nomination of party candidates by convention was introduced in the Senate by Senator Anthony of Cumberland county. The bill would require that state, district and county convention be held in the state on a date not less than 25 nor more than 45 days prior to the third Wednesday of July. Delegates to these conventions are to be elected at a caucus held in all municipalities of the state on the third Monday in May. A rollcall for the caucus must be made 28 days before it takes place.

In the Massachusetts House there was received an opinion of the Supreme Court in answer to a request of the 1924 legislature that the General Court has power to lay or raise tax on motor vehicles for use of public ways. The occasion was a bill submitted last year which provided that the owner of no motor vehicle should be required to pay a tax on the basis of the value of the vehicle. The bill was referred to committee. He added that it is for the committee to give hearings and act thereon and for way as soon as possible in order that the House may have reports to consider.

Six years to a day, after the huge molasses tank explosion in the North End, Boston, awards for damages have been paid by Col. Hugh W. O'Connell, auditor in suits that have been brought against the United States Industrial Alcohol Company. Damages amounting to \$385,000 have been allowed in a report filed with the clerk of the Superior Court. When the tank exploded on Commercial street in 1919, 21 lives were lost and considerable property damage was done.

Mistake to Depend Upon Weather to Cool Cream

When cold weather comes on many farmers give up their cream cooling tanks and depend upon the temperature of the air to cool the cream. This is a mistake. The cream cooling tank where the cream can be cooled in cold water should be used the year round.

If there is not room for a cream cooling tank within the building, where it can be kept from freezing, some other arrangement should be made for cooling the cream in cold water immediately after it is separated. Where it is cooled down to a temperature of 50 or below, it can be mixed in with the other cream and kept in a cool room, tightly covered.

Cream should always be kept tightly covered except during process of cooling. Where fresh cream is added to the can it should always be stirred. A long stirring rod should be used on every farm, so that the cream can be stirred from the bottom to the top of the can. The creameries should see that all their patrons are supplied with these stirring rods.

Where fresh cream is added to the can it should always be stirred.

Feeding Heifer Calves to Secure Best Returns

Belmont heifers that were fed a liberal ration of grain, either corn or mixed grains, were 150 pounds heavier at two years of age than those fed only a limited amount of the same kind of grain, according to the tests at the Nebraska Agricultural college at Lincoln. Liberally fed Jerseys were fully 50 pounds heavier than their mates that were fed only a little grain.

Liberal feeding produced no more gains than light feeding during the first six months of the calf's life while milk was being fed. The benefits from the additional grain all came after the calf had been weaned from the milk. All dairy calves should be on a light grain ration by the time they are old enough to be weaned from their milk, and this ration should then be increased at such a rate that the desired growth will be obtained.

The Franklin Fish and Game association in Intersected in having the state laws changed so that Webster Lake and other lakes and ponds in the state will open for pickerel fishing on May 30 instead of June 1.

Worcester's parks and recreation commission will stage a winter carnival in Burnside Park on Feb. 7, and has received sanction from the New England Skating Association to stage a number of speed skating races for the championship of the state of Massachusetts.

Judge Ralph W. Reeve of Lynn, Mass., sentenced six boys ranging from 12 to 14 years of age, who appeared before him in the juvenile session of court, charged with shoplifting from stores during Christmas week, to pay from 15 to 25 cents a week, no as to make restitution for the goods taken, and also to pay from 15 to 25 a week, cost costs.

Claude C. Lane, 22 years old, of Chicago, who was stopping at a Salem, Mass., hotel, accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver. The bullet passed through his body within an inch of his heart. He was taken to the hospital and it is thought he will recover. He had recently been discharged from the navy, and was cleaning his navy revolver of 45 caliber.

A bill to change the dates of the primary elections was among those filed with the clerk of the Massachusetts House for the consideration of the Legislature, the bill, filed by former Representative John C. Harriman of Newton, provides that state primaries shall be held on the fourth Tuesday of June preceding the state election; city primaries on the third Tuesday preceding the city election; town primaries on the second Tuesday preceding the town election; presidential primaries on the last Tuesday of April, except that primaries before a special election shall be held on the second Tuesday preceding the special election. Except in Boston, the primaries shall be held wholly or partly by wards, precincts or towns as the aldermen or selectmen shall designate, the bill provides.

Despite the pledges for economy made by Gov. Fuller during the recent political campaign and in his inaugural address, there probably will be an increase in the Massachusetts state tax of almost \$2,000,000, or 21 per cent, this year, it was learned from Thomas W. White, budget commissioner and chairman of the state commission on administration and finance. The discussion here at the mid-winter session of the state legislature, the necessity of obtaining the tax at the California House in October at the \$100,000,000 which the state is carrying from the Boston bond sale and the \$500,000,000 in state bonds in addition to the \$100,000,000 in state bonds.

White said as reason why he feels it would be very desirable to postpone the tax of \$10,000,000.

The British ban on American potatoes has been extended to Scotland, according to Charles M. White, chief of the division of agriculture in the Maine department of agriculture, who returned from St. John, N. B., where he went for the purpose of inspecting a potato seedling for shipment to Scotland. Mr. White declared that although the ban of Maine potatoes has now been extended to Scotland, he saw in St. John thousands of barrels of Canadian potatoes ready for shipment to Cuba and thousands of sacks of Canadian and Prince Edward Island potatoes awaiting shipment to Europe.

GAINS 20 POUNDS TAKING KARNAK

"Praise Be To This Great Medicine," Says Happy Portland, Me., Woman, Wretched Indigestion Is Gone.

"Everywhere, all over Maine and New Hampshire, the sensational new treatment, Karnak, is demonstrating that it is the best and quickest relief for indigestion the world has ever known. People by the hundreds, in every community, are turning from ordinary medicines and tablets and finding in Karnak the surest means of overcoming digestive troubles.

Thousands are reporting phenomenal results from the use of this amazing treatment. Among them is Mrs. Mary Anthony, 11 Cotton St., Portland, Me., who says:

"This Karnak treatment has rid me of one of the most severe cases of indigestion and biliousness a woman ever had. I never saw anything like the way it has overcome all my troubles. I don't have any more headaches, nervous or dizzy attacks—I sleep fine, eat anything I want and have gained 20 pounds. Praise be to this great medicine Karnak."

Karnak is sold in Bethel exclusively by W. E. Roseman; and by the leading druggist in every town.

RADIO PROGRAMS

Westinghouse Radio Station WBYZ
Springfield, Mass.
337 Meters—890 Kilocycles

Thursday

11:35 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

6 P. M. Dinner concert by the Westinghouse Philharmonic Trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7 P. M. Market report, as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7:05 P. M. Bedtime story for the children, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:15 P. M. Letter from the New England Homestead, "Preparation of Federal Income Tax Returns," by Thomas McCarty, from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:30 P. M. Educational course in foundations of music by Prof. Roy Dickinson Welch of Smith College; course under the auspices of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, department of education, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

8 P. M. Mrs. Lucy Jewett, soprano, accompanied by Miss Mary Steele, from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

8:15 P. M. Walworth band, Boston.

8:30 P. M. Leslie B. Mason, tenor, from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

8:45 P. M. Walworth band, Boston.

9 P. M. McKeely's singing orchestra, broadcast from Cook's Butterfly ball room, Springfield.

9:15 P. M. Walworth band.

9:30 P. M. Boyle's Banquet orchestra.

9:45 P. M. Westinghouse Philharmonic Trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

9:55 P. M. Arlington time signals; official United States weather reports.

11 P. M. Hotel Brunswick orchestra.

11:30 P. M. Popular song cycle by Don Ramsey's Four.

11:45 P. M. Hotel Brunswick orchestra.

Friday

11:35 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

7 P. M. Market reports as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7:05 P. M. Bedtime story for the children, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:15 P. M. Skitizens from Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:30 P. M. Concert by the Hotel Kimball Trio, direct from the Hotel Kimball dining room under the direction of Jan Davis.

8 P. M. Broadcast direct from the Boston Arena of the B. A. A. track and field games.

8:35 P. M. Arlington time signals; official U. S. Weather reports.

Broadcasting Station WXXI, Edison Light of Boston—400 Watts, 300 Meters

Thursday

6:30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

CANTON

Mr. and Mrs. Marco Lavorgna, Jr., of Canton are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter Thursday evening.

The Universalist Circle will meet Thursday of this week with Mrs. Philina Strout. The birthday of McKinley falling on that day, quotations, anecdotes on his life, etc., will be given by each member.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin K. Hollis, who have been in Portland the past week, have returned home. Mr. Hollis will be confined to his bed for the next two weeks.

Mrs. Tommie York is at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, where she submitted to a surgical operation for appendicitis and complications. She is doing as well as can be expected.

Rev. N. G. French of Auburn occupied the pulpit of the Universalist Church, Sunday. He was entertained while in town at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mendall.

Patsy Mongillo is able to be out since his illness with an operation for appendicitis.

The next meeting of John A. Hodges Relief Corps will be held with Mrs. Ella Young.

Mrs. George H. Johnson has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Briggs of Portland.

Mrs. Willis B. Gilbert is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. A. Jack, and family of Portland.

Mrs. Abbie C. Bicknell, who has been making an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Myrtle H. Goss of Sanford, and cousin, Mrs. Loph R. Thompson of Auburn, returned home Saturday night.

Mrs. Marguerite Pulsifer of Farmington is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hollis.

Degrees were conferred at the meeting of Aunassantico Lodge, I. O. O. F., Wednesday evening.

The Relief Corps met Tuesday with Mrs. Abbie Proctor.

Oliver Robbins of West Paris is employed at Pinewood Camps by the Richmonds.

A box supper and social will be held at the Grange Hall, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Ladies are requested to bring boxes.

A. L. Tirrell has been cutting ice at the south end of the Lake for farmers in that locality.

Ellie Sampson has purchased the farm known as the Card farm of George Blouin.

Mrs. Susie Cole is visiting her brother, Ervin York, and family of Norway, and will also visit the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson of Oxford before her return home.

Everyone was busy looking at the eclipse Saturday morning and some reported seeing a star near the sun.

or Club.

7 P. M. Dok Eisenburg and his Sin-fonians.

8:11 P. M. Program for New York Studio.

Friday

2 P. M. Happy Hawkins and His Grand Gardens Orchestra.

6:30 P. M. Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Musicale.

8 P. M. Program courtesy Neapolitan Ice Cream Company.

8:11 P. M. Musicale.

Saturday

Silent.

Sunday

2:45-5:30 P. M. Men's Conference in the Bedford Branch, Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

7:20-9:15 P. M. "Rox and his Gang" direct from the Capitol Theatre, New York.

Monday

6:30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Dok Eisenburg and his Sin-fonians.

8 P. M. Leslie Neers, Moxie Soprano.

8:35 P. M. Manuel Sereira, pianist.

8:50 P. M. "Buddy's Bestest" from the Fenway Theatre, Boston.

9:30 P. M. Mendelssohn Choral Union, C. F. Webster, director.

Tuesday

2 P. M. Paul Haxler and his Orchestra.

6:30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Dok Eisenburg and his Sin-fonians.

8 P. M. Program from New York Studio.

8 P. M. Eccelesty Hour.

10 P. M. The Goodie Showtown Band Orchestra.

Wednesday

6:30 P. M. Boston Edison Big Brother Club.

7 P. M. Ed Neumann and his Orchestra.

8 P. M. Harry Einstein—The Red Boy from the Good Home.

8:30 P. M. Musicale.

9 P. M. Gillette Safety Razor Dance Orchestra.

10 P. M. Musicale.

11 P. M. Fenway Theatre Organ Recital with Lloyd G. Del Castillo at the Warbler.

How to Save Money WATCH THIS SPACE

We Are Offering
"SPECIALS"
Every Week.
Don't Miss Them.

**THIS WEEK
Ladies' Coats**
2 Coats at 10.00 Each
4 Coats at 16.50 Each
These Coats were
20.00 and 25.00 each

Men's Overcoats
4 Overcoats at 10.00 Each
4 Overcoats at 15.00 Each
10 Overcoats at 25.00 Each
Some of these Overcoats were 35.00 and 40.00 Coats

We are making these prices to close out our entire stock of Winter Overcoats.

Terms Strictly Cash

EXTRA VALUES

Rowe's
BETHEL, MAINE

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LIVE STOCK

EXPERIMENTS MADE ON FINISHING PIGS

The Minnesota agricultural experiment station has recently reported the results of some hog feeding experiments, principally to determine the relative economy of finishing pigs for market as compared with spring pigs. A second purpose of the work was to compare the value of different combinations of feeds for growing pigs. The results of the work are published in bulletin 213.

The different combinations of feeds used were as follows: (1) shelled corn, red dog flour, tankage, self-feed and semi-solid buttermilk hand fed; (2) shelled corn, red dog flour, linseed meal, self-feed and semi-solid buttermilk hand fed; (3) shelled corn, red dog flour, tankage, linseed meal, self-feed.

The cost of 100 pounds gain for the fall pigs fed in dry lots was \$5.22; of the spring pigs fed in dry lots, \$5.71; and, of the spring pigs fed on alfalfa pasture, \$5.62. No charge is included for the alfalfa pasture. The feeds given in the alfalfa lots being self-feed, a comparatively small amount of alfalfa was eaten.

The feed cost per 100 pounds of gain where shelled corn, red dog flour, tankage, and semi-solid buttermilk were fed was \$5.55. Where shelled corn, red dog flour, linseed meal and semi-solid buttermilk were fed, the cost of 100 pounds of gain was \$5.65. Where the semi-solid buttermilk was eliminated from the ration and where shelled corn, red dog flour, tankage and linseed meal, were self-feed the cost of 100 pounds of gain was \$4.61.

The authors of the bulletin, E. F. Ferrin and M. A. McCarthy, draw the following conclusions from the feeding experiment:

Fall pigs are more difficult to raise than spring pigs but when handled carefully they are at least equally profitable. A greater variety of feeds is necessary to grow fall pigs satisfactorily because green crops are not available. Fall pigs make as rapid gains when well housed and handled as do spring pigs. The amount of feed required to produce gains was practically the same for pigs farrowed at the two different seasons. Cheaper gains were made by fall pigs because feed costs are lower in winter than in summer. Fall pigs sell at higher prices than do spring pigs.

Ram Should Have Plenty of Exercise and Feed

It is usually considered that 50 ewes is about the maximum number for one strong vigorous ram eighteen months old or older. The ram should have plenty of exercise and feed so that he is active, vigorous and in good flesh when the breeding season begins.

It will pay to take off a day or whatever part of it is necessary to trim all legs and surplus wool away from the docks of the ewes. This is of more importance now than when breeding earlier in the season when the weather is warmer.

It is a good practice to allow the rams with the ewes only about an hour in the morning and again in the evening for three or four days. Then he may be left with them all night.

He should never be allowed outside with the ewes in extremely cold weather. If the temperature is 15 to 20 degrees below zero, shut the flock in the shed while the ram is with them. When that is impossible, it will pay to keep the ram away until the weather moderates. Exposure to low temperatures with the flock frequently renders the ram temporarily useless and sometimes frost bite is so severe that he is never again worth anything.

Live Stock Facts

Stop the holes in your barn.

Give your horses and cattle a good bed. Bedding is cheap.

Blanket your horses on frosty nights when their coats are short.

Not multiplications but satisfaction is the right motivation for success.

A horse cannot thrive on hay alone. He needs oats or corn for strength and grass, bran or potatoes to keep his bowels right.

Experience indicates that hogs which have the run of a cornfield will make just as good gains as hogs fattened on corn in the feedlot.

Forage crops are essential for the most economical production of pork. But sometimes it is a question of which is the most profitable to grow.

Hogs need a little additional feed during the winter months. Many men turn them in the fields to make their fat and fall to supply additional grain when the fields have been cleaned up.

A good ration for brood sows is 2 1/2 pounds corn and 1 1/2 pounds tankage per 100 pounds live weight. If you don't have alfalfa they will eat the leaves of bright clover or soy beans.

CHURCH GOING IS A DUTY OF EVERY GOOD CITIZEN

Text: Peter; 2:5. "Ye, also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices."

"Should Mr. Smith go to church?" was the subject of an article by Meredith Nicholson, which appeared some time ago in the Atlantic monthly; an article written in criticism of the church as it has come to be and containing a clever apology for the average generous, clean-living, but non-churchgoing man. "I know too well some of the reasons which prompt the cynical position of a good many Mr. Smiths who refuse to participate regularly in church worship, and I can sympathize with the long-suffering attitude of many who do go to church and get wind instead of wheat."

The church certainly has its faults, not easily to be overlooked. Its services of public worship are frequently dull and uninspiring. Pulpit truths are often preached in outworn and meaningless phrases. Church people, some of them, narrow, petty, strife-provoking and unlovely. As an efficient machine yielding inadequate returns, the church as a whole leaves much to be desired. But, in spite of these unattractive aspects, are there not good and sufficient reasons for church going, which should appeal to all earnest-minded men and women? I believe there are.

Regardless of the admitted shortcomings of the church in our age, it still is generally conceded that the church is an institution working for the good and welfare of the community as well as for the individual. There are a few fanatics and imbeciles perhaps who can see no good coming from the church at all. However, when we ask any normal-minded person about the church, we find that all realize the necessity of the church in the life of the community and of the individual. There is not one out of a thousand who will tell us that a community without churches is better off than those with churches.

Why go to church is a question often asked by people in our age. When we study life as we live it, we come to realize that we express ourselves along three phases of our existence. We nourish our physical being in order to have good health; we nourish our mental being in order to fight successfully the battle of life; we nourish our spiritual being in order to have life more abundantly. The necessity of proper care for our physical being is realized by everyone. Even an idiot and a fool is aware of this fact because they know when ever it is time to eat. A little child just born unconsciously turns towards its mother's breast for food. Of the second necessity not everyone is aware. Especially in the days of childhood and youth great numbers of young people are not aware of the utmost necessity of efficient mental equipment in order to make their way in this world. Physical beauty and strength alone cannot help us to survive in the mad struggle for existence. There is an ever increasing demand for well educated and mentally trained young men and women.

Even farming has become a science and we find in our colleges special departments of agriculture. Last of all, but not least of all, there is the necessity of the careful training of the young along the spiritual side of life. Although the most important of the three, it is the most neglected. It is amazing to realize how little emphasis there is laid upon careful spiritual training for the battle of life. If we want to exist like the beasts of the field we do not need this spiritual training for the battle of life, but if we want to live like human beings and as children of God, our Father, we do need spiritual development. It is generally recognized that the home is the place where we receive our physical care. Under the careful guidance of their mothers, children grow from childhood into youth—from youth into maturity. Of course our mental training and development we receive largely through the schools, some, to be sure, we get at home, particularly in our early days of childhood before we receive our equipment which will enable us to successfully carry on the struggle for life. But where do we get our spiritual training? We should get some of it at home. However, I am sorry to say that in very few homes there is given any attention to this most important development of the inner life. Not because people don't want to, but because most people don't know how, or they don't find time. There the public school, the place where we should give the child some spiritual attention, but here the subject is never mentioned. Of course there ought to be some place in life where a person, child as well as grown-up, can go and find some source of spiritual nourishment. It is an old story Wendell Holmes tells us: "I have a little plant of reverence within me which needs watering at least once a month." And that is true of everyone.

Each of us has within, certain spiritual faculties, that without nurture, are likely to atrophy and die, and the habit of going to church is a distinct help to the soul's growth. I know that many a church service seems to be making its

inspirational value, but if one participates in a reverential spirit and with keen desire for enrichment of life and companionship of God, such worship need never be without certain stimulus. In our age too much people attend church in order to be entertained, or to show off their pretty clothes, or for some other less important reason. I am not criticizing now extra music because I realize the spiritual benefit we can derive from listening to a beautiful organ or piano recital. I also think that we all should come to church well-dressed in order to show our respect for church.

Then again I have had people say that they prefer to worship by themselves in the woods or upon the mountains. I am also aware of the fact that we can reach God through nature, that the beautiful landscape which God unfolds before our eyes can be source of inspiration to the inner soul; but I also maintain that very few people who stay away from church try to worship God somewhere outside the church. It can be most profitable through private meditation and prayer, in the quiet of the home, or in the solitude of the woods or field, to worship God; but practically, such private devotions rarely proves spiritually profitable, for it is with much greater difficulty maintained.

Moreover, there is peculiar value attaching to common and collective worship. Though each individual is a separate child of God, we are also members of one another, connected parts of a great household of faith, and the relations of our corporate relationships are at once significant and important. The psychology of the crowd is always something to be reckoned with. Patriotism, for example, is stimulated and deepened through civic association and cooperation. In education, also, there is distinct advantage in group studies, with vital, mental contacts. Church going provides a religious stimulus; creates a Christian enthusiasm; furnishes a moral power that is sadly lacking as a rule among those who withhold themselves from public worship, imagining that they are exempt from its claims.

Then, too, we should go to church for the sake of the family and the home. Parents, in particular, owe a duty to their children to see that they are trained in the fundamentals of religious truth and worship, and this is the more readily accomplished when there is direct contact with the services of the church. We may, perhaps feel that we have outgrown the Christian teachings and habits of earlier years, but we are what we are largely because of religious nurture and these traditions. We cannot afford to disregard the methods that made us what we are.

Furthermore, we should go to church that we may the more effectively support and strengthen an institution which is so necessary to the good of the community. The church is all but universally recognized as a community asset, and we are the issue of its continuance or discontinuance to be presented for determination by the people at large. The vote for its maintenance would be practically unanimous. No one would like to live in a churchless city; for it would mean living under conditions of moral deterioration, and in the midst of slowly declining ideals, with chaos not far off.

We have now come to the second question of our discourse. Why support the church? I think I have made sufficient light in the first part of my sermon, the necessity of going to church. Our second question is a natural outgrowth of our discussion of the first one. If the church, then, is an admitted good fact in the life of the individual and of the community, and of civilization, it is up to every one of us to support it. Our support should be twofold, namely, financial and moral or spiritual. We are living in an age of materialism, in an age of dollars and cents. Although badly as we may feel about it, the church like any other institution, has to have money in order to meet its obligations financially. I do not think that most people are sufficiently aware of the fact that the church needs funds. It is in our early days of childhood before we receive our equipment which will enable us to successfully carry on the struggle for life. But where do we get our spiritual training? We should get some of it at home. However, I am sorry to say that in very few homes there is given any attention to this most important development of the inner life. Not because people don't want to, but because most people don't know how, or they don't find time. There the public school, the place where we should give the child some spiritual attention, but here the subject is never mentioned. Of course there ought to be some place in life where a person, child as well as grown-up, can go and find some source of spiritual nourishment. It is an old story Wendell Holmes tells us: "I have a little plant of reverence within me which needs watering at least once a month." And that is true of everyone.

Each of us has within, certain spiritual faculties, that without nurture, are likely to atrophy and die, and the habit of going to church is a distinct help to the soul's growth. I know that many a church service seems to be making its

ly so, for I am perfectly aware of the fact that it is just as necessary for us to have enjoyment in life and give free expression to our feelings and emotions as it is to eat, drink, and sleep. However, I do maintain that with a great deal of amusement sought in our forms of entertainment, very often goes a moral emptiness which is harmful and destructive to the building up of character. Motion pictures are often harmful; there are good ones to be sure, such as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Way Down East," "When Knights Rode in Armor," "The Covered Wagon," "Over the Hill," and scores of others which are not only a pleasure to see, but which serve as a sermon in themselves. But when you consider such pictures as "Up in Mabel's Room," "Behind the Door," the usual wild west scenes and society pictures, all these are very detrimental to the building up of character. Yet regardless of these facts, people spend money freely for these degrading influences of life. People spend all the way from fifty cents to one dollar or more for a dance. But let me ask you a fair question, how many people will spend a dollar for a church service or social. And yet we all realize the necessity of church in life, but we neglect to remember that the church needs money in order to carry on her work successfully. The church, first of all, needs money for its upkeep; second, for its Sunday School; and third, in order to pay those whom it hires to carry on its work. Without adequate support financially the church cannot be expected to carry on its work efficiently. However, I don't believe that we can buy salvation for ourselves, that by paying to the church we can relieve ourselves from the burden of our sins; we have to live these down.

Finally, I have come to the last question raised in our discourse. Why join the church? The paying of money is not all the church needs. Paying for a pew is a mighty poor substitute for our individual efforts. Jesus of Nazareth was a faithful church goer, attending regularly the local synagogue, though he was out of sympathy with much that the Rabbis thought and taught. No more can be expected of you who believe that the church should be encouraged and strengthened for the sake of the coming generation, the community, the city, our country and civilization at large. The church needs our moral support. You can do this by joining some church. The children need your example as their leader for the good and true. You can become this by joining the church.

All sorts of reasons are cunningly suggested for the prevailing indifference of the multitudes of people towards the worship of the church. Either the church gets the blame or its minister, or we don't like the people that are going to church. I believe it comes from this—for many years we have been growing a type of men and women whose interests are mainly on the outside of life. They do not go to church, they do not support a church, they do not join a church because they are not particularly interested in those matters for which the church stands. Every thing is given right of way, and there is little time left to devote to spiritual values.

We are living in an extremely material world, in an age when the material forces of life are let loose from the spiritual center. America is in need as never before of spiritual awakening and of the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion for the higher aims of life. It needs Christian citizenship and where else besides in the church can these ideals be obtained. Without the church, the ship of state is likely to go on the rocks. Let us, therefore, return to the habits and practices which sometime made our nation great. Let us see to it that, so far as our precepts, prayers and example can avail, we rear a generation dedicated to the service and worship of the almighty God and to the practice of the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. I therefore plead with you this morning, first, to go to church; second, to support the church; third, to join the church.

I love my church (I do). She waits before me stood, She is the apple of mine eye, And graven on my hand. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend, For her my eyes and soul be given, Till to a crown shall end.

Beyond my highest joy I praise her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise. Here as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter lines of heaven.

Amos.

The above sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hesterhouse, pastor of the Universalist Church, on Sunday, Jan. 19th, 1925.

SOUTH ALBANY

Carroll Lewis is having the mumps. Dr. Hubbard was called to see him Sunday.

Mr. Robert Hill was home from Bridgton over the week end.

Mrs. Ernest Brown visited her mother, Mrs. E. K. Sheld, Sunday.

Mr. James H. Stone went to his home in Harrison, Sunday, and returned to camp, Monday.

Howard Allen went to North Waterford, Sunday, to see the new grandson, Robert Linwood Grover.

Leon Kimball and son, Ivan, have been cutting wood for Edgar Inman.

David McAllister's team went to Albany Town House, Saturday, after a load of grain.

C. M. Fullerton was home from North Albany over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McKeen are boarding at Carroll Lewis.

Owing to wind and snow the R. F. D. man did not come Friday.

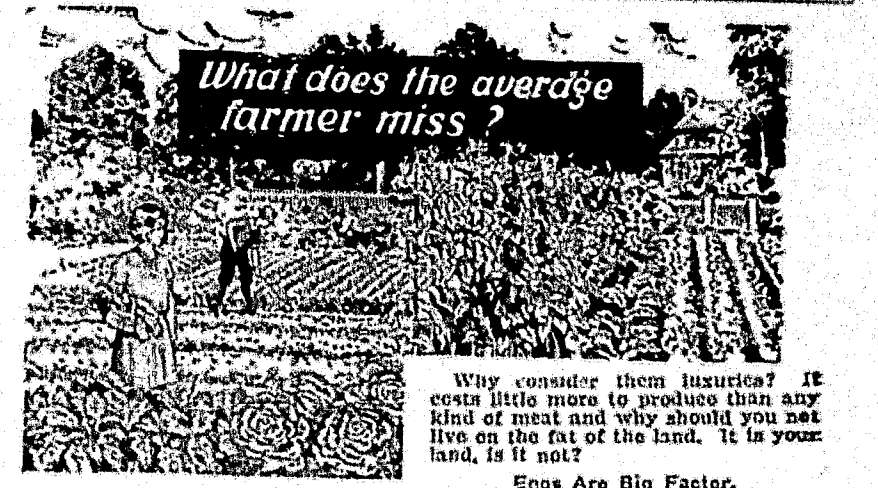
David McAllister and sons are rolling the roads in this district.

Dr. Hubbard was called to Stone's camp one day last week.

E. K. Sheld went to Norway, Monday, after a load of grain.

Leo Stearns was home from Bethel over the week end.

Mrs. C. M. Fullerton went to North Albany to help Mrs. Ernest Westworth who is ill with the mumps.



Why consider them luxuries? It costs little more to produce than any kind of meat and why should you not live on the fat of the land. It is your land, is it not?

Eggs Are Big Factor.

With proper care poultry should never fail to produce some eggs every day in the year, and what is more satisfying than those right-of-the-neighbor eggs served in any style for breakfast, dinner or supper. There are thousands of people in the cities eating eggs who do not know the taste of a real honest-to-goodness fresh one.

Next comes the family cow. Whether you keep one or a hundred, one first-class cow at least should be reserved for family use and that means all the milk she gives is to go to the house for the family as to provide all the whole milk, cream, butter and buttermilk that every member of the household can be induced to eat or drink.

Vitamins in the milk? Yes, millions of them of the most important kind, especially so if the cow has been fed clover or alfalfa properly cured or has been on good pasture.

Your health and your family's health is bound up to a great extent in the health of this family cow. She is the most potent influence next to the sun in keeping the doctor's bills down.

Yes, ring Every Fall.

Why not kill a well-fatted yearling steer every fall? The usual answer is that the meat will spoil. In the latitude of New England especially away from the sea coast a quarter of beef may be cut into every day from December until late in April. Little or no loss from mold or decay will ensue, provided it is kept in a cool, dry room where the air can get all around it and it is well covered with fat. Some portions of the fore-quarters lend themselves to the making of corned beef, roast beef, and some to dried beef, so that through the winter months at least no beef should be purchased. Dividing with the neighbors also will keep the friendly old-fashioned spirit and each one of the four neighbors will have a beef every third month, there will be a fresh quarter for every member of the club every month.

The hog should be doing his part in the way of fat pork for the beans, ham, bacon, sausage and head cheese. Not just in the early winter months, but at least nine months in the year. Properly cured, ham, bacon and smoked spare ribs should be available all the year around.

Meats Better Health.

This means not only a saving of food purchased and the satisfaction of having produced a good proportion of the food supplies, but also better health from eating liberal quantities of green vegetables especially the

Farm grown staples with flavor that the city dollar cannot buy

First green corn comes in August there is not a deer without green, fresh juicy young corn until frost comes.

This accomplished by successive plantings of different maturing varieties and in equally fresh lettuce, except that lettuce should begin in June and last until snow flies.

Beans, beets, spinach, tomatoes and many other delicious varieties should be coming along all season, enabling the farmer and his family to have a living not enjoyed by the city resident and fresh truck out of his own garden all season.

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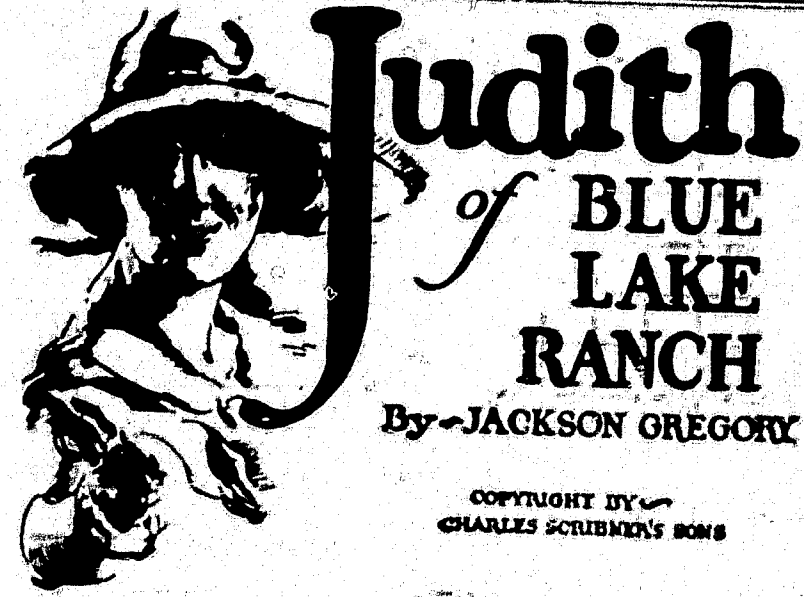
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Beans, beets, spinach, tomatoes and many

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convinced by Hayne Trevers, manager, of the necessity of getting the property out of the hands of the old owner, Timothy Gray, decides to throw up the job. Judith, daughter of the ranch owner, has bought Gray's horse in the ranch and will run it. She discharges Trevers.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch, including the foreman, are all by and by subduing a vicious horse and proving their thorough knowledge of ranch life, and the best of them over. Lee decides to stay.

CHAPTER III.—Convinced her veterinarian, Bill Crowdy, is treacherous, Judith discharges him, re-employing an old friend of her father's, Doc Tripp.

CHAPTER IV.—Pollock Hampton, with a party of friends, comes to the ranch to stay permanently. Trevers accepts Hampton's invitation to visit the ranch. Judith's messenger is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER V.—Bud Lee goes to the city for more money, getting back safely with it, though his horse is killed under him. Both he and Judith see Trevers' hand in the crime. Hop Lee, hard to account for, breaks out on the ranch. Judith and Lee investigate the scene of the holdup, climb a mountain, where the robber must have hidden.

CHAPTER VI.—A cabin in a flower-planted clearing excites Judith's admiration. It is Lee's, though he does not say so. They are fired on from ambush, and Lee wounded. Answering the fire, they make for the cabin. Here they find Bill Crowdy wounded. Hop Lee, who had been hiding in the building, they find messenger. Besieged in the cabin, Judith is compelled to stay all night.

CHAPTER VII.—Hampton, at the ranch, becomes uneasy at Judith's long absence. With Tommy Burditt he goes to seek her, arriving in time to find the attackers off, and capturing one man, known as "Shorty."

CHAPTER VIII.—"Shorty" escapes from imprisonment in the grainhouse on the ranch, to the disgust of Carson, who foreman, who had him in charge. Lee, hearing of the escape, goes to find him, though he realizes she is not his enemy. Judith, Langworthy, one of Hampton's party, finds a typical city girl in more to his taste.

CHAPTER IX.—The discovery is made that pigeons, with hop cholera, are on the ranch. Hampton, who has been liberated on the ranch, is taken to the city. Dick Dooley, red-headed, is taken to the city. Dooley has brought more pigeons to the ranch.

CHAPTER X.—At a dance Judith meets in honor of Hampton's friends. She appears in evening dress, and is recognized by one of the party as an old acquaintance. Dave Lee, once residing but ruled by his friends, Judith, in her womanly way, warmly rebuffs him. Judith, who is alone with her father, tells him that she is leaving the vicinity.

CHAPTER XI.—Word is sent to Lee that Quinlan has been casting aspersions on Judith's name because of the night she and Lee were together in the cabin. With Carson, Lee finds Quinlan. He tells him the truth and makes him confess publicly he is a liar, and agree to leave the vicinity.

CHAPTER XII.—After the missing incident Judith ignores Lee, who would be away, but under a pretext Judith sees a letter to Pollock Hampton from a firm with which Trevers has been connected. Hampton is offered a commission of cattle and horses at a ridiculously low figure. Hampton is offered a commission of cattle and horses at a ridiculously low figure. Hampton is offered a commission of cattle and horses at a ridiculously low figure.

CHAPTER XIII.—This said to Dean, Rockwell & Haight, said Lee quickly. "You didn't cook that up, did you Hampton?" "Lord, no!" cried Hampton. From his place on a pile he took a yellow slip of paper, tossing it to Lee. "She said she was coming this morning."

It was a Western Union telegram, saying briefly:

"Blue Lake Ranch.

"Am forced to call heavily. Send by train, Rockwell & Haight Wednesday morning, one hundred horses; as many beef cattle as Carson can round up. Accept terms made in their letter to you last week."

"JUDITH SANFORD"

The date line upon the message gave the sending point as San Francisco.

"They wrote you a letter offering to buy?" said Lee thoughtfully, his eyes rising slowly from the paper to his fingers. "How'd it happen they didn't write to her?"

"Well, it's a natural enough mistake, isn't it? Knowing that she and I were both part owners, knowing that we were both here, isn't it quite to be expected that they would write to the man instead of to the woman?" Of course I gave her the letter as soon as I had opened it."

"Of course," answered Lee. But his thoughts were not with his answer. They were with Hayne Trevers. He knew that Trevers had long ago sold to these people, he knew, too, that at least two of the heavy shareholders in the Western Lumber company were interested in Dean, Rockwell & Haight. Tom Rockwell himself was second vice president of the

lumber company. "Have you had any other word from Miss Sanford?" he asked.

"No."

"Know who her lawyers are?"

"No, I don't."

"Anything in her papers here that would tell us?"

"No. Her papers are in the safe, and it's locked and I don't know the combination."

"Know what hotel she is stopping at in the city?"

"No. Look here, Bud; what are you driving at? I don't get you."

"Not," answered Lee absently. What Bud Lee was thinking was: "Here are too many coincidences!"

Little things, each one in itself safe from suspicion. But when he meditated that the offer had come from this particular firm, that it had come just a few days before Judith's first departure from the ranch, that it had been addressed not to her but to Hampton, so that he must have the opportunity to read it, that she had been called suddenly to the city, that that call had come after the house was quiet, its occupants in bed, that no letter had come since she had left, that no one knew where to reach her—when he passed all of these things in review the bitterness in his heart died under them and the first anxiety sprang up anew, grown almost into fear for her.

"There's just one thing, Hampton," he said, his eyes hard on the boy's face. "We don't sell a single hoof in the morning. Not a cow nor a horse until Judith is here herself."

Hampton, new in his role of general manager, flushed hotly, his own eyes showing fight.

"I like you, Lee," he said sharply, his tone that of master to man. "And I don't want us to quarrel. But Judith wired me to sell. I've wired the buyers an acceptance and we do sell in the morning!"

For a full minute Bud Lee stood alone still, staring into Hampton's

face. Then, turning, he took the telegram to the table he turned and went out. His face had gone suddenly white.

"They've got you somehow, Judith!" he whispered through teeth. "But the light is still to be made. And by God there's a day of reckoning accounts coming for a man named Hayne Trevers!"

He went to the bank door, neither seeing Marvin nor hearing her when she called after him, and with a word to Carson brought the rate calls from man hurriedly outside.

CHAPTER XIII

A Signal-Fire?

Hayne Trevers way had even been to play safe, the way of a coward or a wise man. Even now, no doubt, he was giving an account of himself to legitimate endeavor at the lumber

ramp, putting in his appearance as a regular hand, safe sales rising between him and that which might be called the Blue Lake ranch, establishing himself, conducting himself like the man he wished the world to think him. But in the mind of Bud Lee there was an question, no doubt. Hayne Trevers, or one of Hayne Trevers' gang, was sure as this instant holding Judith somewhere until this colossal deal could be put over. Trevers or one of the gang and Lee's face went white as he made that light. He saw that there was no time to be lost. He saw that there was no time to be lost.

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ed face and evil, red-finned eyes. "Well," snapped Carson. "What now?"

"There's going to be no sale in the morning," said Lee, and at the new strange tone in Lee's voice Carson jerked up his head, thrusting it forward, peering at the other through the moonlight night.

"Say it again," muttered Carson. "Who said so? Miss Judith?"

"She isn't here," replied Lee briefly. "Hasn't been here since Saturday night."

Now, with more cause than ever, did Carson stare at him.

"Then what did Pollock Hampton say last night? By criss, it is this one of that young hop-o-my-thumb's jokes, I'm going up to the house and murder him. That's all. An' right now."

Lee laid a hand on Carson's arm. "Hold on, old-timer," he said shortly. "We'll have a talk with him after a while. Now I want to talk with you."

Contenting himself with the coldest of brief outlines, Bud Lee told Carson of Judith's absence and of his own suspicions. Carson, who had listened to him gravely, at the end shook his head.

"That's a pretty bald play, Bud," he said slowly. "I don't believe Trevers would get that course in his work. It doesn't look like him a little bit."

"Does this sale look the least little bit like Judith?" demanded Lee sharply. "Is it her style to go over our heads this way, Carson? If she's got to sell heavily, why pick out this particular set of buyers? Why is the deal rushed through while she's away? I tell you there's a nigger in the woodpile and it's up to you and me to smoke him out. Come up to the house with me."

Marvin did not see them as they drew near in the moonlight. For, with a plan shaping in his brain, Lee judged best that they should not be seen. He and Carson passed in a wide arc about the left end of the courtyard, around the end of the house and so to a door opening from the office to the back of the house. This door he found unlocked and pushed quietly open.

Hampton lifted swift eyes, sensing something stern and ominous in this silent approach.

"We want to talk things over with you," began Lee.

"If you've come to bulldoze me out of that deal in the morning," retorted Hampton, "you might as well keep still. I'm going to sell."

"I don't know that you'd exactly call it bulldozing," smiled Lee, determined to be pleasant with the young fellow as long as possible. "But you've got sense enough to listen to reason, Hampton."

"Have I?" jeered Pollock. "Thanks."

"If Miss Sanford wants the deal to go through," continued Lee, "why, then, of course, through it goes. If she doesn't, there's going to be no sale."

"I tell you she wired me to sell; I showed you the telegram."

"But you didn't prove to me that she sent it. You didn't know yourself whether it had been sent by her or Dean, Rockwell & Haight, or by Hayne Trevers or the devil himself."

He took up the telephone and said into it, "Western Union, Rocky Bend. Is Lee of the Blue Lake. We want to get in communication with Miss Judith Sanford, somewhere in San Francisco. Send this message to every hotel there, will you? And rush it. Must have word with you immediately. Important. Telephone."

Got it? Oh, yes, it's Carson and Tripp. Rush it. I tell you, Benton. And if you get in touch with Miss Sanford in any way, tip us off here, will you? Thanks."

"She might be visiting with friends," muttered Hampton. Little pleased at the thought that Lee and Carson were seeking to rob him of his newly acquired importance.

"Where's Mrs. Simpson?" asked Lee.

"Gone to bed," answered Hampton. "And Miss Langworthy is still on the veranda. Now Hampton, Carson and I want a look at Miss Sanford's room. Come with us, will you?"

"I'm d-d if I will!" cried the boy. "I don't know what you are up to, but I'm here and I'm going to stay. I don't care what you say. I've got my reasons in all this. I've got the right to know what it is."

"Yes," answered Lee thoughtfully. "You've got the right. I just don't like the looks of it. Hampton, I don't believe at all that I have. I don't believe Miss Sanford sent that wire. I do believe that some friend of Trevers' has got hold of her somehow, and that he is playing her for a sucker. That's our reason for this. Now will you come with us to her room?"

"Trevers?" said Hampton. Then he laughed. "You are like the rest. Trevers is a gentleman and he won't try to make him a crook. And he won't let you imagine he is and get ridiculous. And I won't go prying with you into Judith's room."

"Come on, Carson," said Lee. "If Hampton wants to stay here, let him. But the young fellow was on his feet, his face flushed, his eyes as red as fire. "You'll get out of this house, and I'll stand for one little more. If you stand for your little more, then you're mistaken."

At a look from Lee, Carson moved quickly forward, so that Hampton stood between them.

"You come with me," and now Lee no longer sought to be pleasant. "And keep still or we'll stop your mouth with a yard of cloth. This way."

Carson.

With right and left arms gripped, with lagging feet and furious eyes, Hampton went between them to the door. For an instant only did he struggle; then, with a snort of disgust, seeing the futility of making a fool of himself, he went quietly.

Just what he expected as a result of a visit to the girl's room, Lee did not know. He hoped for some sign to tell him something, anything.

Quietly the three went through the house until they came to Judith's dainty blue-and-white bedroom. Here all had been set in order by Mrs. Simpson. On entering the room a sort of awkward shyness fell over both Lee and Carson. Hampton, freed now and standing alone, though under Carson's hard eye, stared at them angrily.

"When you get through with this foolishness," he told them stiffly, "you can either apologize or call for your time."

Neither answered. Carson little by little had come to share Lee's uncertainty and anxiety; and now, like Lee, sought eagerly to find a sign—something to tell that Judith had been lured away by Trevers or Quinlan; or that she had been overpowered here and taken out, perhaps through a window.

But Judith had gone Saturday night and Mrs. Simpson had done her work thoroughly. It might be well to call the housekeeper and question her. Had she found a chair overturned, a rug rumpled, a table shoved a little from its accustomed place? But, again, it would be as well not to start suspicion and surprise in other minds if, after all, there were no true cause for it. Judith might be in San Francisco; she might have sent the order to sell.

"Chances is we're smelling powder where there wasn't no shot," said Carson hesitatingly.

"Bright eye!" mocked Hampton. "You'll make a great little gunshow artist out of these days."

That Bud Lee not loved Judith as he did, with his whole heart and soul, it well might have been that he and Carson and Hampton would have gone out of the room knowing no more than when they had come in. But it seemed to Lee that the room which knew Judith so intimately, was seeking to open its dumb lips to whisper to him of danger to her. He had come here troubled for her; he stood, looking about him fearfully, his heart heavy, fear mounting within him. And at length he found a sign.

At the far end of the room, in a corner, was Judith's writing table, on which were several opened letters, pen and ink, a pad of paper. Lee stepped to it. If she had been lured away after nightfall, then some message had come by word of mouth, there was no need seeking it; if it had been a note, it might have kept it here. Impaled on a sharp pin was a sheet of notepaper. The notes was brief, typewritten, even to the signature—that of Doc Tripp. It ran:

"Dear Judith:

I am afraid of a new trouble. Have spotted another one of T's gang working for us. Also have got a bullet-hole in my right hand. Nothing serious so far. Come down right away. Don't let any one see you as I want to spring a surprise on them. Am not even using the telephone, as I've a notion they are watching me. Hurry. Tripp."

"Come back to the office," said Lee bluntly. And well in front of Carson and Hampton, who stared wonderingly at the paper in his hand, he went to the office telephone and called for Tripp.

"How's your hand?" he asked when Tripp answered.

"All right," replied Tripp. "Why?"

"Did you write Miss Sanford a hurry-up note within the last few days?"

"Sure of that, Doc? Typewritten note?"

"Of course I'm sure," snapped Tripp. "What's wrong?"

"Good knows," answered Lee shortly. "But you'd better come up here and come on the jump. Also, keep your mouth shut until you get a chance to talk with me or Carson."

He clicked up the receiver and turned terrible eyes on the two men watching him.

"They've got her," he said slowly. "They've got her. Carson. They've had her since Saturday night!"

Carson read the note. Only then did it pass into Hampton's hands. The boy, angered at the way in which he had been ignored, shouted in his sense of dignity by those words of Lee to Tripp: "Talk with me or Carson," seeing the sense of power being snatched from his hands, was speechless with wrath.

Carson.

With right and left arms gripped, with lagging feet and furious eyes, Hampton went between them to the door. For an instant only did he struggle; then, with a snort of disgust, seeing the futility of making a fool of himself, he went quietly.

Just what he expected as a result of a visit to the girl's room, Lee did not know. He hoped for some sign to tell him something, anything.

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"You fellows have busted in all I stand for," he cried at them, his shut eyes shaking. "I tell you I'm running this outfit and what I say goes. I don't believe that Trevers or any man living would do a trick like that. I tell you it's ridiculous. And no matter where Judith is, when she is not here I run the ranch. I need money; she needs money; we've got a fair chance to sell. I've passed my word we are going to sell, and by G-d, we are going to sell."

In another mood, Hampton would not have spoken this way. In another mood and with time for argument, Bud Lee would have expostulated with him. Now, however, Lee said tersely:

"Carson, it's up to you and me. Let the boys out, to the best man of them. Turn every hoof of cattle and horses back into the Upper End. We've got

to do it tonight. Get them into the little valley above the plateau. We can hold them there, even if they try to force our hands, which will be like them. I take this to be Trevers' last big play. And, by thunder, he has mighty near gotten away with it!"

"Don't you dare do it!" blazed out young Hampton. "Carson, you take orders from me. Get out of this house and leave the stock where they are. In the morning—"

"Go ahead, Carson," cut in Lee's hard voice. "I'll take care of Hampton here."

"You will, will you?" cried Hampton.

With one bound he was at the table, jerking open a drawer. As his hand sought the weapon lying there, Bud Lee was on him, throwing him back. Carson looked at them a moment, then went to the door.

"You're right Bud," he said calmly as he went out.

Lee, forcing himself to show a calmness like Carson's, said gently to Hampton:

"Can't you see the play? It's up to you to kick in and stop it. There's a telephone; call up the buyers in Rocky Bend. They're there now, or at least their drivers are, if they're coming out here in the morning. Tell them the deal is off—"

"Can't I see?" said Hampton, writhing out of Lee's hands, on his way

to the door. "You bet I can see! If you and Carson think that you can run me—"

Then, for good and all, Lee gave over trying to reason with Hampton. There was too much to be done to waste time. He drew Hampton back, forcing him against the wall, as he tried to call out, Lee's hand over his mouth smothered his words.

"You're coming with me," he said sharply. "Right now."

Though he struggled, Hampton was little more than a baby in the horse foreman's muscular grip. Tripped, with a heel behind his calf, he fell heavily. Lee upon

